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## Literary Notes.

THE inquiry is frequently made, if Mr. Herbert Spencer is going forward with his new "System of Philosophy," and why we hear nothing about it in the English periodicals. He is proceeding with it regularly, and the last instalment—the "Data of Psychology"—will be given to the American public in a few days. The reason why nothing has been said by the English reviews is, that the works are not furnished them for notice. So gross were the misrepresentations of his

views, that he gave orders to his publisher to send no more copies of his books to the press. His philosophy is, however, being carefully studied by the leading thinkers of England, and is being reproduced upon the Continent. His works, curiously enough, were first undertaken in Russia, where they have nearly all appeared. The censor of the public press required that "First Principles" should be accompanied by a refutation. Accordingly, M. Thieblin, the translator, prefixed to it a learned essay, in which all its facts and generalizations were confounded by a formidable parade of quotations from the fathers. He closed the essay with the significant observation, "that if the refutation was not complete, it was not from lack of zeal to make it so, but from lack of knowledge!" The performance was satisfactory. Mr. Spencer's writings are now being translated into the French by three different professors of Philosophy, Doctor Cazelles, M. Ribot of the *Lycée Impérial*, Laval, and M. Rethoré, Professors of Philosophy in the *Lycée Impérial*, Angoulême.

The "Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck," just published by Appleton & Co., contains many interesting reminiscences of early New York. Halleck's associates and friends included a host of giants. There were Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Kent, Drake, Hoffman, Pierpont, Poe, Fay, Dr. Francis, Morris, Verplanck, Duer, Charles King, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and all the later literary celebrities. In addition to these, Halleck was intimate with the artists Inman and Elliott, with the actors Kean, Macready, Placide, Burton, Brougham, Charles Matthews, Miss Cushman, Ellen Tree, Wallack, the elder Booth, and Mitchell. He knew Lord Morpeth, Lord Stanley, Miss Mitford, Miss Martineau, Thackeray, Dickens, and, indeed, almost everybody of his time who is known and famous. When Louis Napoleon, then "Prince Louis Napoleon," was in New York, Halleck knew him well. The prince and the poet exchanged dinners, but Halleck never afterward obtruded upon the *Emperor* his recollections of the *Prince*—whom, indeed, he thought a dull fellow. As a youth, Halleck was noticeable for his studious and retired habits. He had no taste for rough sports and adventures, preferring solitude and a book to almost any other enjoyment. Although he wrote much in his juvenile days, his first published poem did not appear until 1813. It consisted of a few verses on the "Star of Peace," but he never included it in his collections. In this year he first met Rodman Drake, when began a friendship between the two poets that lasted until Drake's death. All the world is familiar with those elegiac verses to Drake's memory, beginning with, "Green be the turf above thee." When these were first printed, some of the journals in copying them substituted "sod" for "turf," and others "grass." "I think," said Halleck, "they will get it yet, 'Green be the *peat* above thee!'" Halleck was a good talker, but he could not make a set speech. Once, at a complimentary dinner given to him, he begged permission to respond sitting to the toast in his honor, because when he stood up all his "brains ran to his heels." He was like Irving in this particular. But he was a good talker, as we have already said, and he would relate with glee a delightful two hours' conversation he had once held with Hawthorne, in which the great romancist never opened his mouth. A singular fact is connected with the publication of "Marco Bozzaris." Although the popularity of this poem was immense, not only in America but in Europe—although it was quoted, declaimed, imitated, discussed, translated into French and modern Greek, the poet's own family remained for over five years in ignorance of its existence. A poet's own family, it seems, may be the last to know of his genius or his fame.



The London *Saturday Review*, notorious for its sharp criticisms, and its disposition to find fault, is pleased to say of the "American Annual Cyclopædia for 1867," published by D. Appleton & Co., that it "is the most complete and convenient work of reference for recent history, for the political events of the last few years, for the various features of social, commercial, industrial, and scientific progress, that has yet come under our notice, or, we believe, that has been published. It is impossible that a scheme so wide and so ambitious, embracing nearly every subject of human interest, should be executed in a manner fully worthy of the conception—that there should not be many omissions, many errors, many blemishes, due to haste, to carelessness, to prejudice, to ignorance, and to the simple impossibility of finding men with the qualifications and the leisure required to keep up with the times in each separate department of human knowledge. Were it otherwise, the work would be invaluable ; as it is, its value is not easily estimated."

"Underground Life ; or Mines and Miners," recently published in England, from the French of L. Simonin, is not only the most valuable and exhaustive work on the subject of mining, but it is also the most truly elegant and sumptuous. It contains one hundred and sixty illustrations, engraved on wood, twenty maps, geologically colored, and ten plates of metals and minerals, in chromo-lithography. The latter are surprising exhibitions of artistic skill. They were executed in Paris, by Regamey, and reproduce the colors and texture of the crystals with marvellous fidelity. The contents include not only a scientific history and description of minerals, but a graphic account of various forms of mining.

A Heine revival is taking place just now in the best literary circles of Paris. Henry Heine, the great German poet, who spent the last thirty years of his life in Paris, was so much neglected there during the latter part of his literary career that, when Hector Berlioz one day called upon him, he exclaimed, "Yes, Berlioz has always been an eccentric fellow. He pays me a visit!" Just now new translations are issued of Heine's works, and the *causeries* in the feuilletons are full of Heine's droll witticisms.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, author of the "History of Rationalism in Europe," has now ready for the press, and will shortly publish, a work upon the History of Morals in Europe. Every admirer of that recent inquisitive literature, adorned by the names of Buckle, Spencer, and Lecky, will welcome a work upon a subject which opens so wide a field for philosophic thought and investigation.

Krylow, the Russian fable-writer, received perhaps the largest copyrights of any modern author; the Moscow and St. Petersburg booksellers paid him, during the last fifteen years of his life, the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty thousand rubles for the copyright of his two thin volumes of fables, most of which are imitations of Æsop, Phædrus, and Lafontaine.

Hans Christian Andersen is not only the most brilliant and gifted, but also the most modest and kind-hearted of story-tellers. Here is what he wrote recently about the fairy tales of his Norwegian rival Bjornson: "These fairy-tales, I honestly believe, are the best which have appeared in Europe for many years past."

The rivalry between the German publishers of Goethe's and Schiller's works has now reached such a point, that Cotta, the great Stuttgart bookseller, offers his superb edition of Goethe's complete works, in six large royal 8vo volumes, with all the steel engravings by William Kaulbach, for three dollars.

Berthold Auerbach is at work upon an historical novel, the scene of which will be laid in the old Bohemian city of Eger. The manuscript will be presented to the Jews of Eger, who will publish fifty thousand copies of the work, and use the profits in building a new synagogue.

The manuscript of the second volume of Mme. Victor Hugo's work on the life of her husband, the first volume of which was issued in 1863, will not be allowed to be published until after M. Hugo's death.

The Paris edition of Victor Hugo's new novel will be printed by an old schoolmate of the great poet and romancist.

## Matters of Science and Art.

OUR painters, unlike the famous Macedonian, seem to have little disposition to seek new worlds for conquest. While they repeat year after year pictures of the Catskills, the White Mountains, and the Adirondacks; while Lake George has scarcely a rock or tree unpainted; and the Berkshire Hills are as familiar to frequenters of galleries as Trinity Church to the bulls and bears of Wall Street; while, in brief, all the aspects of our Northern scenery are like thrice-told tales, a splendid range of mountain scenery remains nearly unconscious of the painter's canvas. Occasionally only do we meet with a picture of the Alleghanies, while the Blue Ridge of Virginia and the mountain scenery of North Carolina seem never to have been visited by our painters. We have some acquaintance with Virginia mountain scenery, by means of Mr. Strother's "Virginia Illustrated," and in Lanman's "Alleghany Mountains" there are descriptions of scenery that, if known to our painters and tourists, would surely fire their hearts, and fill, by another season, all the gorges and heights of that region with enthusiastic searchers for the picturesque. In the supposition that Lanman's descriptions are not generally familiar to our readers, we will quote a few sentences in support of what we have said. Describing what is called "Hickory-nut Gap," he says: "From any point of view this particular spot is remarkably imposing, the gap not being more than half a mile wide, though appearing to narrow down to a few hundred yards. The highest bluff is on the south side, and, though rising to the height of full twenty-five hundred feet, it is nearly perpendicular, and, midway up its front, stands an isolated rock, looming against the sky, of a circular form, and resembling the turret of a stupendous castle. Over one portion of this superb cliff, falling far down into some undiscovered and apparently unattainable pool, is a stream of water, which seems to be the offspring of the clouds." Lanman also describes two mountain views that are assuredly worthy of Durand or Gifford: "The first was a northern view of Black Mountain from the margin of the South Poe River. All its cliffs, defiles, ravines, and peaks, seemed as light, dream-like, and airy, as the clear-blue world in which they floated. . . . The other prospect was from the summit of the Blue Ridge, looking in the direction of the Catawba. It was a wilderness of mountains, whose foundations could not be fathomed by the eye; while in the distance,

towering above all the peaks, rose the singular and fantastic form of the Table Mountain." There are other views among these mountains glowingly described, and a word-picture of Lindville Falls that is full of interest. The most noticeable features of the falls are "a number of lofty and exceedingly fantastic cliffs peering over each other's shoulders into the depths below," and an isolated column "several hundred feet high, around which are clustered, in the greatest profusion, the most beautiful of vines and flowers." It is clear that our painters err in travelling so much over beaten ground. All through the Southern country lies ready for them a virgin field.

The multiplication of poor copies of inferior pictures by means of chromo-lithography would be more earnestly a subject of regret, if the passion for this sort of art was not sure very soon to follow the way of all fashions, and burn itself out by excess. The argument that chromo-lithography is the means of bringing pictures into every poor man's parlor, and that it serves, by instructing and preparing the public mind, as a pioneer to a higher art, is scarcely tenable. People are not likely to be educated in color by showy and vulgar examples. Moreover, these highly-colored, would-be paintings are really the means of injuring steel-engraving, which is a far purer and more instructive branch of art. And now this is particularly to be deprecated, when, by a recent invention, engravings on metal may be electrotyped, and, by this means, the easier art of engraving on copper restored. Copper-engraving was forced out because the metal was so soft that but few impressions from the plate could be taken, and the harder steel surface was introduced instead. The enormous labor and cost of pure line on steel soon became the means of introducing the cheaper methods of stipple and mezzotint, which are now used more or less on almost every plate. But this invention of electrotyping, whereby an engraving on copper may be reproduced on steel, is likely soon to be the means of restoring copper-engraving, and with it pure line; and if a corrupt popular taste is the means of delaying this consummation, there is certainly cause for regret. As to prints in colors, no doubt the eye will always crave them. But, in order that they may satisfy a refined taste, a decided improvement is needed, and this can be secured solely by the plan pursued in former years for the well-known Bagster prints, in which steel, stone, and wood, were all employed in order to obtain the requisite delicacy in some parts, and fulness of tone with proper texture in others.

The forces of civilization are urging communities to undertake bolder and more startling enterprises of improvement than any hitherto accomplished. It is in contemplation to drive a tunnel under the Straits of Dover, twenty-four miles, to connect the British and Continental railways. The chalk-beds which underlie the Channel are favorable for the work. For the securing of efficient ventilation, both during the construction and after the completion, instead of the towers in the sea, which were at first suggested, it is proposed to sink pits on each shore, and to drive thence, in the first place, two small parallel drift-ways or galleries from each country, connected at intervals by transverse drift-ways. By this means, aided by furnace-rarefaction and revolving air-fans, the air is to be made to circulate as in ordinary coal-mines, and the problem it presents is held to be less difficult than the ventilation problems in mining engineering. The formation of these double drift-ways is the preliminary part of the undertaking, as they are to be used as helps in carrying out the construction of the permanent tunnel. Should it be impossible to execute these, the expense of entering upon the main work, and the loss consequent upon abandoning it, would be avoided. The cost of the galleries is estimated at from eight to ten millions of dollars, and of the regular tunnel about five times that amount. Three English and three French engineers are preparing to report upon the scheme to a committee, which will soon meet in Paris.

Some interesting facts have been lately ascertained respecting the conditions of life at the bottom of the sea. Professor Edward Forbes, who has paid the greatest attention to the distribution of marine animals, speaks of "an abyss where life is either extinguished or exhibits but a few sparks to mark its lingering presence. Its confines are yet undetermined, and it is, in its exploration, that the finest field for marine discovery yet remains." Something has been contributed toward the discovery thus foreshadowed by Dr. Carpenter and Professor Wyville Thompson, who have recently been engaged in deep-sea dredging in the bed of the North Atlantic, having been furnished with a ship for the purpose by the English Government. They reached greater depths than had ever before been attained, bringing up mud by the hundred weight from the ocean-bed, 3,900 feet below the surface.

It had been generally supposed that animal life ceases at a depth of about 1,800 feet, but many varieties of it have now been shown to dwell at depths far lower, where the pressure of the superincumbent sea is more than 100 atmospheres. But the strangest result of this deep dredging has reference to the quality of the mud itself, which was brought up from the sea-bottom. It is described as a bluish-white, unctuous, or gelatinous substance, with indications of a protoplasmic or low organized constitution. By some it has been regarded as a gigantic pro-

tozoan, extending perhaps over miles of surface, and yet all one living mass. Professor Huxley has been engaged in studying this singular substance under the microscope, and has termed it *Bathybius*.

The absence of historical art in America is often noticed, and, no doubt, there exist good reasons for it. But both our sculptors and painters have utterly ignored one character in our imaginative literature, that not only seems completely consonant with the spirit of our woods, but with the history of America. We refer to young Uncas of Cooper's "Mohicans." This graceful and splendid savage is the type of the American past. He personates the history and spirit of the woods. We think of him as an aboriginal Apollo, or as an epic hero of the forests. He possesses every attribute of the typical hero—youth, beauty, grace, and "terrible daring." He is conspicuously the subject for the sculptor who would translate into stone the spirit of aboriginal life; he is equally the theme for the painter who would illustrate the link between Humanity and Nature—for what Undine in German tradition is to the waters, Uncas is to the woods. And what Apollo and Adonis are to Greek art, Uncas should be to American inspiration. There is nothing like him, indeed, outside of Greek imagination; and we may well wonder that he has never been accepted by art, either on account of his splendid personal qualities, or the typical character in which he may be viewed.

A movement was started in London, a year or two ago, to have a course of scientific lectures on Sunday evenings, to draw, if possible, from haunts of dissipation some of the multitudes who do not attend religious services. A number of men of high position, such as Lyell, Owen, Carpenter, and Huxley, were engaged to speak in the course, which had hardly got well under way, when it was closed by the Society for the Promotion of Sabbath Observance, under an antiquated statute against Sunday exhibitions. A portion of those in favor of the lectures propose to evade the law by ranking themselves as a sect under the title of *Recreative Religionists*. Others, among whom are Carpenter and Huxley, regard this as a mere petty subterfuge, and have denounced it as such in letters to the journals. If such meetings are unlawful, they say, they must be discontinued until the law is set aside. A brisk controversy is going on as to the tactics of "the body which promulgates the patent sham that it is a religious sect."

It is reported that an effort will soon be made to unite all the scientific bodies of London into one institution, under the title of the British Academy of Sciences; the Royal Society, however, is not to be included. Such a movement will hardly fail to result in advantages both to the societies themselves and to the general interests of scientific inquiry. The need for a better organization of those who devote themselves to investigation is becoming increasingly felt, and the recent movement in this city for the formation of a National Institute, is a further exemplification of it.



## Literary and Personal Notes.

PROFESSOR BICKMORE'S "Travels in the East-Indian Archipelago," published in New York by D. Appleton & Co., and in London by John Murray, has been well received by the English critics. "That an American professor," says the London *Examiner*, "should undertake a long and perilous voyage, mainly for the purpose of collecting shells upon the shores of the Spice Islands, shows that the devotion to science which distinguished the earlier *savants*, is still a living truth among its humble followers in the nineteenth century . . . Let not the unscientific reader, however, imagine that the work is made up of somniferous and unentertaining descriptions of specimens, or that it is only suited to the student of natural history and the museum collector; for, besides an account of the Flora and Fauna of the tropical East, there are many amusing and pleasantly-written chapters detailing the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Indeed, the greater portion of the book is thoroughly entertaining reading; the scientific chapters even being pleasantly relieved by accounts of the adventurous explorations of Mr. Bickmore. We certainly know no other book which gives us so complete a survey, historical and scientific, of the islands which together form what is now called Malaysia. Sumatra and Java, Celebes and Timur, Ceram and Buru, Gilolo and other smaller islands, were all visited by the author; and their geology, inhabitants, and productions are described and descanted upon to much practical purpose."

*John Bull* calls the book "a delightful one," and adds: "We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most charming and scientifically valuable book of travels published since Humboldt wrote that wonderful account of his travels in South America and Mexico. To naturalists, philologists, and ethnologists, these pages are of the highest value, . . . while the sportsman will revel in the accounts of tigers, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, deer, wild-boars, pythons, Malay pirates, and Dyack head-hunters. We have read these charming travels with the greatest avidity." *Land and Water* says, "We have seldom read a book of travel with greater pleasure;" and the London *Review* closes a long notice by saying, "The work is carefully written, and exhibits an amount of research that is most creditable."

The London correspondent of *Hours at Home*, in speaking of Mr. Lecky's promised new volume, "A History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," remarks: "In these days of personal gossip, the author of 'The History of Rationalism' stands almost alone in his incognito; even his publishers know little or nothing of him, except that he is a young gentleman, presumably of Irish birth, who spends most of his time travelling on the Continent. At the first glance, the period covered by his forthcoming book seems of singular choice; but, it will be noticed, that it includes the whole era of the death-struggle of classical paganism, introduction, and establishment of Christianity; what truths are received from special supernatural revelation, and what, from that earlier revelation in the reason of man, called by Dean Milman 'the great religious problem interesting to every thinking being,' and it may fairly be presumed that Mr. Lecky's book will afford valuable materials for its study."

Madame Rattazzi, *née* Marie de Solms-Wyse, cousin of the Emperor Napoleon, and grand-daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, has just published a novel entitled "If I were a Queen," and which has created quite a sensation both in Italy and France. One of the characters (the wife of the Italian ex-premier) indulges in the following Utopian dream of organized charity:

"If I were a queen, I should give—give with lavish hands, but with prudence, with deliberation—that honest poverty might be relieved, and laziness, much less vice, be not supported. I should organize a regular little army, which I should send out in search of hidden poor and sick persons, and to appear before them as messengers of charity and Christian mercy. How delightful it would be to save a mother in time from despair, and a young girl from ruin! From among the ladies of my acquaintance I should select the best, the wealthiest, and most charitable, and send them out into the quarters of my city that they might visit the most secret recesses of misery. Every morning I should then receive reports on the discoveries made on the preceding day, and should bestow warm praise on those who found out persons most urgently in need of relief. I should in this manner organize, as it were, a race of the charitable. I should then go out myself and bring relief to the poor; the misery of the families I should lessen by a better arrangement of their dwellings. I should buy a large, curtained bed for the parents, and bedsteads for the children of both sexes. I should teach the housewife to attract her husband by neatness and cheerfulness, and by means of good fare to cause him to cease visiting taverns. At the same time I should establish soup-houses, where nutritious dishes would be prepared, and the time and money might be saved to the housewife. The homeless would find shelter and warmth at these soup-houses, and they might rest there before returning to their daily toil. I should bestow the most tender solicitude on the poor creatures that are



mothers without being wives; I should give them a small dower for their babes; I should support them if they wished to nurse them at their own breasts; I should teach them that they might blot out their disgrace by becoming good mothers. For the old and sick I should always have doctors and refreshments in readiness; during my visits to the various quarters of the city, wagons should always follow me to convey the sick to the hospital, unless their horror of it should be too great, as is unfortunately the case with so many persons of the lower classes. It would, therefore, be my desire to provide for the proper nursing of the sick poor at their own homes."

Buying "curtained beds" for poor folks is a novel but harmless form of charitable zeal, but a too "tender solicitude for poor creatures that are mothers without being wives," would be found, we should judge, to indefinitely increase this class.

Rocheport gets up the manuscript of each number of his *Lanterne* in a very peculiar manner. He writes his malicious witticisms and *mots* with a lead-pencil on small scraps of paper, which he holds on a book, while walking up and down his room. As soon as one of the scraps is filled, he throws it into a basket, which the "devil" empties whenever he calls for "copy." Sometimes there is nothing in the basket when the "devil" arrives. "The basket is empty, M. Rocheport," he then says to the great Lanternist. "*Mon Dieu*, is that so?" replies Rocheport, who seizes his book and pencil and commences writing, while pacing the room. Often, when a good idea strikes him, he bursts into a peal of laughter, flings his book and paper away, and throws himself on the sofa, laughing all the time at the top of his lungs. His best witticisms, he has often said, were not enjoyed more heartily by any one than himself.

The young King of Bavaria has a wonderful memory. He knows all of Schiller's poems by heart. The other day he was present at a school-exhibition in Munich. Some of the boys were to recite poems; the king took the whole school by surprise by prompting the boys without glancing at the book which was offered to him. A Munich correspondent says that the true reason why the young Russian grand-duchess was not betrothed to Louis the Second of Bavaria last summer at Kissingen was, because he talked to her all the time about literature, of which the young lady was rather ignorant. He was ungallant enough to recommend to her a more careful study of certain poets, at which she took umbrage, and said she would not marry him.

It is untrue that Queen Isabella of Spain is writing a volume of "Reminiscences," as certain London newspapers have asserted. M. Charles Yriarte, the French feuilletoniste, is writing, at Marforis's suggestion, a book destined to defend the ex-Queen of Spain against the aspersions of her adversaries.

Max Ring, the author of "John Milton and his Times" and other popular novels, says, in a biographical sketch of Louisa Mühlbach, that he never knew an author who, after once studying a literary subject thoroughly, was able to write as rapidly and elegantly on it as the authoress of "Joseph II." and "Marie Antoinette." Mr. Ring mentions in the article that Louisa Mühlbach writes at least sixteen pages of original matter daily, and the ease with which she composes her works is so great that there are hardly ever any alterations in her manuscript.

Alexander Dumas, Sr., is, at the present time, at work upon no fewer than six novels and three plays, besides a cook-book, and a work upon that humble but useful animal, the hog.

Justus von Liebig speaks five languages and reads eight. In his

## Literary and Personal Notes.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Morning Star* relates, upon the authority of Emile Ollivier, an anecdote of M. de Lamartine. "Lamartine," says the narrator, "being at the Hôtel de Ville, received the announcement that a deputation of Vesuviennes demanded an interview. These women, in type and brutality, strongly resembled the famous *poissardes* of the first Revolution. The doors of his cabinet were thrown open, and the apartment was presently filled by these fierce-looking dames, whose dishevelled locks and uncouth garb presented any thing but an attractive spectacle. M. de Lamartine bowed, and begged to know whether he could be of any service to his visitors. 'Citizen,' replied the foremost amongst them, standing with arms a-kimbo in front of her comrades, 'the Vesuviennes have resolved to send you a deputation to express their admiration of your conduct. There are fifty of us, and, in the name of all the Vesuviennes, we, fifty in number, have come to kiss you.' The poet gave one glance at the forest of unkempt hair and the rubicund cheeks of the fifty unwashed Venuses, and thus replied: 'Citoyennes, I thank you for the sentiments you inspire me with; but allow me to remark that patriots of your stamp are more than women—they are men. Men do not embrace each other. We shake hands.' And thus, by a stroke of the most subtle flattery, did the author of the '*Méditations*' escape the fifty kisses of the Megæras of the Revolution of '48."

Mr. Burlingame, the American gentleman who now represents the Chinese empire abroad, seems to be enjoying himself in Paris, with his long-tailed followers. A clever paragraphist in a foreign paper speaks of them as "Burlingame's Bears, or the pig-tailed people who walk on their hind legs, and follow their leader about." It is said that at the Hôtel de Ville, one evening, the Chinamen gazed upon the *buffet* with expressionless eyes, but showed no symptoms of appetite. Soon, however, they paused before a heap of *marrons glacés*, and quickly devoured them all. More than once again, other heaps of the delicacy shared the same fate, and not enough could be found to satisfy the ravenous celestials. At the next ball at the Tuileries, the heavenly-minded people were again hunting for this luxury of the "outside barbarians," and, meeting the polite functionary who at the Hôtel de Ville had fed them, they surrounded him, and searched his pockets for their ambrosia.

In a notice of Col. Badeau's Military History of Gen. Grant, the London *Saturday Review* remarks that "the work is written with that soldierly respect for high qualities, even among the bitterest antagonists, which is the first characteristic of a good military history. Foreign im-

partiality may regret that the brave armies of the beaten cause should throughout be qualified as 'the rebels,' while the forces of the victorious majority are 'the national troops;' but the opinion of the North would perhaps hardly have tolerated a more courteously equivocal description, in any account of its favorite hero, that wished to be popular as well as true."

The French journals say that the post of President of the Senate—now vacant by the death of M. Troplong—was offered to Lamartine, and the emoluments of the office would have been doubled, in order that he might rid himself of his pecuniary embarrassments. He declined the appointment, however, and then an unconditional offer was made to free him from his debts. This he also declined.

Jean Jacques Offenbach is believed to be the richest composer in Europe. His fortune is estimated in French operatic circles at upward of twelve hundred thousand francs. Ten years ago he was hardly worth twelve hundred francs. The rumor that M. Offenbach has a weakness for stock speculations at the Bourse is true; but, it is added, that he is an exceedingly lucky and successful speculator.

The Crown-Princess Victoria of Prussia, who is a very spirited and plucky young lady, had, the other day, an interview with some Hanoverian ladies of high rank, who extolled the courage displayed by their ex-queen at the time the Prussian troops entered the capital of Hanover in June, 1866. "Courage!" exclaimed the crown-princess, disdainfully. "If she were a really courageous woman, and if your people were so ardently devoted to her and to her cause, why did she not call upon the people of Hanover to rally around her, and defend her against the enemy? I am sure I would have done that."

It is said that Maurice Sand, George Sand's only son, though as a writer by far inferior to his illustrious mother, manages to make more money by his facile pen than the authoress of "Consuelo" and "Indiana."

One of the most delightful books of travel, recently published, is Mr. Leech's "Letters of a Sentimental Idler," from the press of D. Appleton & Co., discoursing pleasantly of a sojourn in the far East. The *New York Round Table* speaks of it as follows: "Like the cool breeze, that comes rippling over the waves gleaming with the golden sheen of the fading sunset, as they chase each other sportively till they dash on some ocean-girt shore, these letters from oriental climes have a fragrant freshness perfectly delicious. Sketches of character, bits of scenery, incidents of travel, echoes of Eastern song and tradition, are all portrayed with the vividness of an oil-painting and the minuteness of a photograph."

Madame Rossini, in compliance with the request which her husband addressed to her on his death-bed, continues his famous Friday dinner-parties at her villa in Passy. No more than a dozen guests are invited to them, and Rossini's chair is left vacant at its wonted place. The macaroni, however, which Rossini prepared in such an inimitable manner, has been banished from the dinner-table, Madame Rossini saying that her guests, being accustomed to the dish as prepared by her husband, should not eat an inferior article at her table.

Rosa Bonheur presented George Sand, on her recent birthday, with a portrait of the great French authoress, representing her as a young lady of twenty-five, and in the costume in which Mlle. Bonheur saw her when they met for the first time. This is the second portrait which Rosa Bonheur has painted.

The hostility of the French Government to M. Edmond About, which had led to inimical measures against the *Gaulois* and other papers for which M. About writes, is attributed to the influence of the Empress Eugenie, who asked the clever novelist and feuilletonist some time since to write a number of sketches about the prince imperial. Instead of complying with her Majesty's request, About has recently repeatedly alluded in his articles to the prince imperial in a manner not altogether eulogistic and complimentary; hence the wrath of the empress.

Count Bismarck recently told some of the German authors who are circulating a petition addressed to President Grant, and praying him to recommend to Congress the passage of an international copyright law, that he did not think the movement which they had originated was a very proper one. He said it might be considered impertinent by the Americans; as for himself, he certainly would not like to receive such a petition at the hands of the citizens of a foreign country. Several German authors of merit and distinction refused to sign the petition on similar grounds.

We have a striking pen-portrait of the old ex-Elector of Hesse-Cassel, drawn by a German correspondent who saw that remarkable prince, a few weeks ago, at his Bohemian Tusculum—Chateau Horschowitz: "Imagine a rather tall, very straight, and stiff-looking old man, in a kind of undress

uniform, which, however, sits very well on his thin and slender body. His hair is scant and gray ; his face is regular, and might even be called handsome but for the stern expression of his lurking bluish-gray eyes, and the dogged expression playing around his lips, which he mostly keeps firmly compressed. Those who know his antecedents will not wonder at them when they see him. He looks like a perverse, obstinate, narrow-minded man, full of pride, and gifted with very few generous feelings."

Xavier Marmier, the French feuilletonist, recently saw the Grand-duchess hereditary of Russia, *née* Princess Dagmar of Denmark, and is in ecstasies about her beauty and grace. "What a lovely young creature!" he exclaims, in a letter to the *Revue de Paris*; "when I saw her, she was leaning on the emperor's arm, and shedding the light of her sweet presence even on that grave, gloomy, and taciturn man, who, though the sternest monarch in the world, seemed to feel exceedingly proud of his charming little daughter-in-law. She was chatting gayly with him, and he made every now and then a smiling reply to her, when her large, lustrous eyes fairly flashed with mirth and delight. I asked some one, if the little grand-duchess was popular in St. Petersburg. 'She is,' he replied. 'Why, every man here is in love with her.'"

Richard Wagner, the German composer, who has just finished his great operatic trilogy, "Die Nibelungen," will speedily commence writing a libretto based on one of Shakespeare's tragedies, and compose it for the Paris Grand Opera, which, he says, is bound to achieve a brilliant success, despite the failures of his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin."

The profession of a public lecturer is more profitable in France than in England. Especially successful in France are half a dozen talented ladies who are at present lecturing in the principal provincial cities. Even in Paris, clever lecturers are nearly always, unless some very exciting event engrosses public opinion, sure of attracting large audiences. Hitherto the government has always tried to discourage these public lecturers; but the emperor said lately that the policy had been a very short-sighted one, and that the opposite course should henceforth be pursued.

Queen Victoria's book has been published in a Turkish translation at Constantinople.

## Literary and Scientific Notes.

THE *London Examiner* gives a lengthy and very appreciative review of Mr. F. O. C. Darley's "Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil." This charming little volume, in which Mr. Darley first appears as an author, gives one of the most graphic pictures of European life the press has recently produced. The *Examiner* says of it: "We wish it were in our power to communicate in some way the interest with which these admirable sketches may be said to inspire the book, but it would be useless to attempt a description of them; we can only say they are numerous and varied, always spirited and piquant. We strongly recommend our readers to procure the book. We have dwelt chiefly on the art-criticism, because we felt that that was our author's strongest point, where we found the most original ideas; but the little volume is full of the pleasant experiences of travel. It is written with the buoyant spirit of a man who is enjoying himself thoroughly, with the discrimination of one who can duly appreciate the treasures, the antiquities, or the novelties that are shown to him."

The bee-fanciers of Germany have had a convention at Darmstadt. The German *Bee Journal* says, that when the celebrated bee-masters arrived at the Darmstadt station, although they had never met before, yet recognizing each other by long photographic familiarity, they rushed into each other's arms and embraced, kissed, and squeezed hands with a sentiment and enthusiasm which is rarely manifested outside of Germany. Professor Leuckart gave an interesting discourse on social insects: bees, humble-bees, insects, and wasps. In the course of his remarks he made a curious calculation on the productiveness of the queen-bee. The queen-wasp, he observed, having, when she first begins her nest, not only to lay eggs, but also to feed the brood, can at first lay but sparingly. When the first workers are hatched, they begin to help her in building cells, as well as in feeding the brood, and her fertility is thus developed apace. In the case of the honey-bee, however, there being more or less workers in the hive the year through, the queen is able to devote herself more entirely to laying eggs, and the stronger the hive the more her fertility is stimulated. Thus, in good hives, he reckoned that queens, weighing 100 grains, would produce, in a year, 13,000 grains of eggs, or 130 times their own weight. Now, a hen, he reckons, produces only five times its own weight; so that, for a hen to equal the productiveness of the queen-bee, she must lay twenty eggs a day throughout the year, while the woman, to be equal, must have three or four children a day! Such is the effect of the division of labor, which is carried to such an extent in the hive, that the queen is exclusively an egg-laying machine.

Dzierzon stated that he attributed the size of the queens to the more or less plentiful supply of pollen in bee-bread furnished to the larvæ. Should the bees, at the season when the grubs of the queens have to be fed, be too much occupied in collecting honey, the queens are apt to be born of smaller size than usual.

The question arose at what age bees first fly from the hive, and when they become honey-carriers. Von Berlepsch had fixed sixteen days from the birth of the bee as the period when she first begins to carry honey, making thirty-five or thirty-six from the laying of the egg. Dzierzon was inclined to think that this depended on temperature, season, and other circumstances. For instance, he considered, that if, by changing the place of a hive, it had been deprived of most of its carrier-bees, the young bees would be found to fly out to pasture at a week old.

Mr. Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, has given us a second volume of Western travel, which is fully as agreeable and instructive as his first. The title of the volume just issued is, "A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado." It carries the reader over the track of the Union Pacific Railway, and sets before him succinctly and clearly all the great features and statistics of that important region of country. The growth of the mineral interests of Colorado Mr. Bowles considers almost without limit. The mountains, he declares, are full of ores holding fifteen to forty dollars' worth of the metals per ton.

After doing it many times before, Oxford has again beaten Cambridge in the rowing-match. The *Pull-Mall Gazette* says that this is due to the fact that Oxford has a quick stroke of the oars, and Cambridge a slow stroke. By quicker, it refers to the time the oar-blade is in the water, not to the frequency of the stroke. The object in rowing is to produce



motion ; not motion of the water, but motion of the boat ; and, as the rower's force is a fixed quantity, all that he expends to produce movement of the water is so much deducted from the motion of the boat. Oxford, with its short, quick stroke, moves little or no water aft, the oar pressing as a lever against an almost fixed fulcrum ; while Cambridge, with its long, slow stroke against a yielding fulcrum, moves a considerable quantity of water aft, which is so much taken from the propulsion of the boat. Oxford wins by striking its oar against the water, and withdrawing it before the water takes up its motion. Oxford moves the most boat, Cambridge the most water.

It is often said that insanity is on the increase with the growth of civilization, and the statement has been as often denied. The last elaborate statistical investigation of the subject is by Dr. Lockhart Robinson, an eminent alienist of England, who denies the alleged increasing tendency. He does not question that there are more insane persons now than formerly, in proportion to the population, but says that this higher ratio is due to the fact that, from better care and treatment, they live longer than they did, and therefore accumulate. Dr. Robinson read his paper before the *Medico-Psychological Association*, by whom it was generally concurred in.

Miss Martineau's "Biographical Sketches" have been reprinted in this country, by Leypold & Holt, in a very neat and pleasant-looking volume. These sketches were first published in the *London News*, and include biographies of eminent persons, in all walks of life, who have passed away since 1852. They are thoroughly readable papers, are marked by admirable analysis of character, are written with great felicity and care, and must be considered valuable contributions to our biographical literature.

The old readers of "Arnett's Physics," a book of science admirable in its time, will be glad to learn that the venerable Doctor still retains his interest in scientific education, and puts forth active efforts for its promotion. He has lately given ten thousand dollars to the University of London, the interest of which is to be bestowed as a reward for special proficiency in experimental physics.



A novelty in journalism is about to be issued in Jena, under the management of Professor Hallier. It will be devoted to the subject of vegetable and animal parasites, and is to be called the *Journal of Parasitology*. It will appear once every two months, and its communications are to be printed in the language of the author, so that French, English, Italian, and German papers may be expected in every number.

Accurate observations of the time of the transit of Venus across the sun's disk are of great importance in astronomy. This event occurs but twice in a century, and will next take place in 1882. The observations, to be of most use, must be taken near the high latitudes of the South Pole, which are difficult of access; while a winter's residence, for example, on the shores of South Victoria, would be a hazardous and terrible experience. Men of science are, nevertheless, already moving in the matter. The Royal Geographical Society of England has taken it up, and is determined to be in time in pressing upon Government the duty of sending an expedition to the Antarctic coast in 1882. It is agreed that a certain amount of training will be required of the officers and men to be sent, and, to make the enterprise a successful one, it is thought that thirteen years is none too little time for adequate preparation. .

The starting-point of organic constructions is the chemistry of the leaf, by which carbonic acid is decomposed and oxygen set free. This effect has been supposed to take place only under the influence of light, but the conditions are not so clearly defined as to make further research unnecessary.

M. Bousingalt, of France, has made this subject a matter of investigation, and has lately presented the results of a new series of studies upon it. His question was, Does decomposition of carbonic acid, by leaves, take place in diffused light? If once commenced, does it go on in darkness? His mode of inquiry was based upon the fact that phosphorus does not shine in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, but becomes fluorescent as soon as a little oxygen is mixed with it. Having ascertained that phosphorus is not hurtful to plant when placed near them, he put leaves of laurel in a vase of carbonic acid, containing also phosphorus, and exposed it to the sun. Oxygen being liberated, the phosphorus becomes fluorescent. When the vase is placed in darkness, the fluorescence ceases, after a varying number of seconds, and lasts the longer the smaller the surface exposed by the phosphorus. This arises from the phosphorus requiring a certain time to absorb all the oxygen engendered in the last moments of exposure. With a sufficient surface of phosphorus the fluorescence ceases instantaneously, from which it is inferred that the process of liberating oxygen does not go on in the dark, but only when subjected to the motive force of light.

Researches on the solar atmosphere have been carried on by Frankland and Lockyer, of London. They have lately forwarded a letter to the French Academy on the "Constitution of the Sun," in which they admit of but a single solar atmosphere, and believe that its density is inferior to that of the terrestrial atmosphere. They explain this by the pressure being less. What else was contained in the communication, M. Dumas was unable say, as he could not make out Professor Frankland's handwriting. It is to be feared that Frankland has gone so deeply into the new chemical symbolism, that it has demoralized his chirography.

## Matters of Science and Art.

DR. H. CHARLETON BASTIAN, of University College, London, has made an interesting discovery in relation to the cause of the insanity which is attendant upon fevers. While experimenting, last summer, on the production of inflammation in the mesentery of the frog, he was much impressed with the amazing activity displayed by the white corpuscles of the blood in inflamed areas of tissue; and by

the fact that these white corpuscles, which had come into contact in or upon the inflamed mesenteric tissue, after they had passed out through the walls of the veins, cohere together, and finally fuse themselves into a single protoplasmic mass of varying size, according to the number of corpuscles of which it was composed. Upon subsequently examining the blood of patients suffering from rheumatic fever, typhoid fever, pneumonia, etc. (obtained by pricking the tip of the finger with a needle), he was again struck with the appearance of nodules of protoplasmic material in every way similar in composition to the white corpuscles themselves, though often forming masses from eight to twelve times as large as these. In a recent case of a man with erysipelatous inflammation of the face and head, accompanied with delirium, so strongly was Dr. Bastian impressed with the foregoing facts, that he unhesitatingly diagnosed the "rebellion" of the white corpuscles of the blood as the cause of the delirium. The case terminated fatally, and, upon *post-mortem* inspection, the brain was found to be generally healthy; but a careful microscopic examination disclosed an actual plugging up of the minute vessels of its gray matter. These obstructions were unmistakably composed of cohering white blood-corpuscles, in some cases small, and formed by the union of three or four white corpuscles, while in others large, irregular-shaped aggregations, consisting of one, two, or three hundred adhering together.

The Siamese twins, Messrs. Chang and Eng Bunker, who have long resided in North Carolina, and lost their property during the war, have gone to England to make a little money by exhibition. The question of a surgical separation of the brothers has been submitted to some eminent physicians, and the results of recent examinations of their condition have been published. They are fifty-eight years of age, short in stature, Eng being five feet two and one-half inches in height, and Chang an inch shorter. The band that unites them sprang originally from the lower portion of each breast-bone, and at first held them face to face, but, by efforts in childhood, they were enabled to stand nearly shoulder to shoulder. Their inner arms are usually crossed behind each other's backs, but they can bring them forward over each other's heads, which is quite a curious movement, and are thus enabled to use all their hands, as at meals. The cartilaginous band which joins them is about four inches long, and seven in circumference, at the centre. The nerves of each extend a little beyond the middle of the band, so that a touch about an inch on either side of the centre is felt by both. There is, of course, a slight communication of the blood-vessels, but no interchange of blood, and no mutual dependence of circulation or respiration. They are, therefore, independent in personality, and are simply two persons tied together by a living knot. But although their mental operations are entirely distinct, their life-long similarity of experience has brought them into an extraordinary concord in thought and action.

The relative positions of the twins have produced an inequality in the action and efficiency of their organs: those turned toward each other, and therefore less used, being weakest. The adjacent eyes are in this way enfeebled, and the adjacent legs measure an inch less in circumference than the external ones.

The Messrs. Bunker married sisters, and have nine children apiece, Mr. E. Bunker having six sons and three daughters, and Mr. C. Bunker six daughters and three sons. The cousins do not get along together as well as the fathers, and there are times when each family wishes to have a father all to itself. The question of their separation has been raised on this ground rather than because the brothers desire it. The surgeons think that there is probably no anatomical impediment to their separation, but that the moral shock to two not very robust men, advanced in life, which would follow the breaking of the chain of life-long habits, would prove serious if not fatal.

They are reported as having educated themselves fully in the language and literature of this country; to be intelligent and agreeable companions, and to have won the respect and esteem of their neighbors.

It is stated by the *Scientific Opinion* that Messrs. H. G. Clarke & Co., of London, have invented and "published" a rival to the zoetrope, which they call the "Anorthoscope." The instrument produces very surprising optical effects out of prepared materials, which are remarkable chiefly for their chaotic absurdity. Indeed, before putting one of the plates into the machine to be interpreted, an interesting amusement is to try to find out what this colored confusion is likely to become. The "Anorthoscope" is highly ingenious, and certain to become popular.

It is reported that the authorities of the French mint have been experimenting upon the replacement of copper by zinc as an alloy for the silver coinage of the country, as well as for articles of silverware generally. It is claimed that the metal is more homogeneous, has a clear ring, considerable elasticity, and has <sup>17</sup>/fine white lustre. It is less liable to be blackened by exposure to the sulphuretted hydrogen of the atmosphere, while there is no green coating formed by acids. Its constitu

## Matters of Science and Art.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has lately developed some very curious and striking results by subjecting the rarefied vapors of volatile liquids to the action of the concentrated beam of the electric light in a horizontal glass tube. At the beginning of the experiment the tube seems perfectly empty, and is indeed almost a vacuum; but the chemical forces of the electric ray decompose the rarefied vapor, which is precipitated as visible clouds, and which assume the most remarkable aspects of color and form. Professor Tyndall says:

"In one experiment, a globe of cloud formed at the centre, from which right and left issued an axis which united the globe with the two adjacent cylinders. Both globe and cylinders were animated by a common motion of rotation. As the action continued, paroxysms of motion were manifested; the various parts of the cloud would rush through each other with sudden violence. During these motions beautiful and grotesque cloud-forms were developed. At some places the nebulous mass would become ribbed so as to resemble the graining of wood. In the anterior portion of the tube these sudden commotions were most intense; here buds of cloud would sprout forth and grow in a few seconds into perfect flower-like forms. The most curious appearance that I noticed was that of a cloud resembling a serpent's head; it grew rapidly; a mouth was formed; and from the mouth a cord of cloud, resembling a tongue, was rapidly discharged.

"Sometimes clouds presented the appearance of a series of concentric funnels set one within the other, the interior ones being seen through the spectral walls of the outer ones; those of the distant cloud resembled claret-glasses in shape. As many as six funnels were thus concentrically set together, the two series being united by the delicate cord of cloud. Other cords and slender tubes were afterward formed, and they coiled themselves in spirals around and along the funnels. The cords finally disappeared, while the funnels melted into two ghost-like films, shaped like parasols. The films were barely visible, being of an exceedingly delicate blue tint; they seemed woven of blue air. To compare them with cobweb or with gauze would be to liken them to something infinitely grosser than themselves.

"At one trial a spectral cone turned its apex toward the distant end of the tube, and from its circular base filmy drapery seemed to fall. Placed on the base of the cone was an exquisite vase, from the interior of which sprung another vase of similar shape; over the edges of these

vases fell the faintest clouds, resembling spectral sheets of liquid. From the centre of the upper vase a straight cord of cloud passed for some distance along the axis of the experimental tube, and at each side of this cord two involved and highly iridescent vortices were generated. The frontal portion of the cloud, which the cord penetrated, assumed in succession the forms of roses, tulips, and sunflowers. It also passed through the appearance of a series of beautifully-shaped bottles placed one within the other. Once it presented the shape of a fish, with eyes, gills, and feelers.

"A friend, to whom on one occasion I showed the cloud, likened it to one of those jelly-like marine organisms which a film, barely capable of reflecting the light, renders visible. Indeed, no other comparison is so suitable; and not only did the perfect symmetry of the exterior suggest this idea, but the exquisite casing and folding of film within film suggested the internal economy of a highly complex organism. The *two-ness* of the animal form was displayed throughout, and no coil, disk, or speck, existed on one side of the axis of the tube, that had not its exact counterpart at an equal distance on the other. I looked in wonder at this extraordinary production for nearly two hours."

By the kindness of Professor Tyndall, the writer was recently allowed the opportunity of observing these beautiful and remarkable displays in the laboratory of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, a place which will ever be memorable in the annals of science, as the scene of the immortal discoveries of Davy and Faraday. But it was not merely the exquisite beauty and unique character of the visible effects which riveted the attention; it was as signalling the march of transformation—as a new disclosure of the hidden harmonics of Nature, that they were most deeply impressive. As the phenomena, here described, seem not yet to have received a designation, we suggest that they be associated with the name of their discoverer, and be known hereafter as the *Tyndallic Clouds*.



The success of Atlantic telegraphing is now so assured that new lines are inevitable. It was at first feared that they would neither last long, nor pay while they did last, but the reality is better than the hope. One has now been down three years, and the other four, yet they are now twenty times better in point of conductivity and insulation, their essential qualities, than when first laid; while their receipts of thirty-five hundred dollars a day in gold (over a million a year) savors strongly of profit. The French are accordingly hard at work upon a new ocean-cable, which is to be laid in June. It will leave the French coast a few miles from Brest, and proceed to the French island of St. Pierre, not far from Placentia Bay, Newfoundland; from this a second line passes to near Plymouth, on the Massachusetts coast. The total length of the French cable will be 3,564 nautical miles, or nearly double the length of the existing ocean lines.

The new cable is to be constructed on the same plan as the others, but stronger. The conducting copper case, formed of one strand of seven wires, will weigh four hundred pounds to the mile, and is therefore a quarter heavier than the one last laid. This conductor is wrapped in four folds of gutta-percha interlaid with four coatings of insulating compound, and round the whole will be twisted ten galvanized iron wires done up in Manilla hemp, the whole to be saturated with tar. Its weight is thirty-one cwt. a mile in air and fifteen cwt. in water, and its breaking strain seven tons, so that it can support a length of nearly ten miles in the water; while the greatest depth of the track selected is but two and one-half miles.

There has been a rapid and immense improvement in the construction of ocean-cables. "The standard of the manufactured value of a cable is judged by what are called *its units of resistance*. There is always a certain amount of resistance to the passage of the electric current through the conductor, and the more perfect the insulation of the cable the greater that resistance will be. The amount of resistance is measured by the galvanometer, and is counted by millions of units. Thus, a cable which gave a resistance of only one million of units, would at once show that it was defective, and, by some hidden leakage, allowed the current to escape, and so, of course, allowed it to enter the wire faster than it could have done had it been so carefully insulated that all the electricity must have passed along the conductor, and along that only. But materials which absorb the current will also give rise to a low rate of resistance, and a low rate of resistance is only a scientific term for a bad cable." The Persian-Gulf cable had a standard of 50,000,000 units; the Atlantic cable, of 1865, of 100,000,000 units; that of 1866, 150,000,000 units; while the French cable is pitched at 250,000,000 units. It is curious that marine cables, like wine, cheese, and fiddles, improve by time—the Atlantic cables having gained so much in insulation that they are said to have often given last year a resistance of 4,000,000,000 units.

Sixteen hundred miles of the French cable were reported as being done on the first of February, and the manufacture is proceeding at the rate of two hundred miles a week. The Great Eastern, of course, will lay it.



Justus von Liebig speaks five languages and reads eight. In his personal appearance he looks considerably younger than he really is. His manners are exceedingly courteous, so much so indeed that the late King Maximilian II. of Bavaria once said to his courtiers, "Somebody called Liebig the other day, in my presence, a dry bookworm; what nonsense! I have never seen a more polished and elegant gentleman."

Frederick Gerstäcker, the German traveller and novelist, has been urgently invited by the Emperor of Brazil, who is an admirer of his South-American novels, to visit Rio Janeiro in the course of the present year.

Victor Hugo's "*L'Homme qui rit*" will be published in no fewer than nine different languages—French, English, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Hungarian, Danish, and Swedish.